

LYN

# SUPER-RALPH!

POND  
CLEANER!

PHOTOGRAPHER!

FAMILY  
MAN!

ALLOTMENT  
KEEPER!

EARLY MORNING  
SWIMMER!

GREAT  
CHEF!

TREE  
PLANTER!

RUNNER!

...AND STILL HAS THE TIME TO BE A GREAT FRIEND.  
LOTS OF LOVE FROM LYN XX



Photo History



## CELEBRATION

Wow Wow

Wow

Wow



# 150

th

VOLUME



Wow

Wow

Wow

Wow

Wow





It's hard to believe that this is Volume 150 in my ever growing Photo History project and to celebrate this 'momentous' occasion I asked friends, family (who, needless to say, are also friends) to contribute a page or two. The immediate answer was "I'm not creative" but I anticipated this so the brief was *a doodle, a poem, some reminiscing scribbles, a painting, a drawing, holiday or other photos...in fact, anything...* (so no 'cop-outs allowed')

The response was so varied and I am so grateful for all the work you put in, . This volume (as with all the others) will be downloaded to the internet and I am happy to provide you with a link if you want to see it at any time.

All my other Photo History Volumes reflect life in prose and photos, both personal, and topical and contain my thoughts (yawn, yawn!) at the time. There are thousands of current photos, not just of family but of, what are now historic moments...such as The opening of the Millenium Bridge, The Shard from when it was a hole in the ground, to completion, the development of Kings Cross, the day they grassed over Trafalgar Square, Raising of The London Eye, the days before the Elizabeth line opened officially, Silver Jubilee, Coronation, Royal Funeral, plus street art, rusty cars etc etc. As you can see, like your great contributions, these volumes contain such a unique and varied look at life..

Over a long life, Lynn and I have made great and lasting friendships that we value so much and we realise that this is what makes our life so very special.

I wont blabber on but would just like to repeat my thanks to you all for making your contribution ..both to this volume and to our lives.

Ralph & Lynn

January 2024

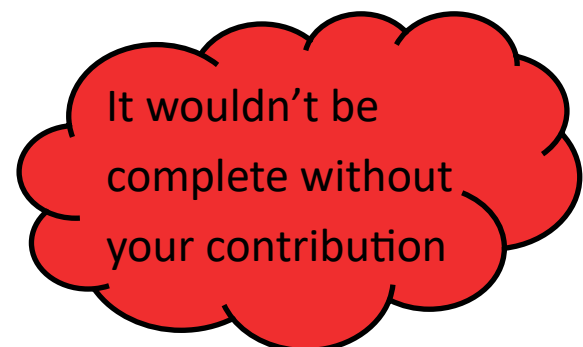
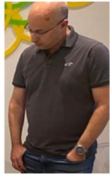




Photo History

DAN#1



Hi Ralph - hope you are both well.

Thank you for inviting me to contribute to your historic book, although I'm really not sure what you are looking for!

It amuses me, as every time we go mooching around shops, Tammy has the urge to try on every hat she sees. So I have included a small montage of pictures dedicated to the magical hat effect !

Would have included some dining out pictures, but that could fill a whole volume in itself!

Hope this is suitable, and in some way what you were looking for, but I won't be offended if you don't want to include!

Hope to see you both soon. Keep well.

Dan

**Dan and family are a relatively new part of our lives and we are so happy to have them 'on board'**



Thanks for being the most hospitable hosts,  
When invited round with my folks,  
The food was aplenty,  
The laughs with our parente,  
Can't wait to reciprocate down at the coast.



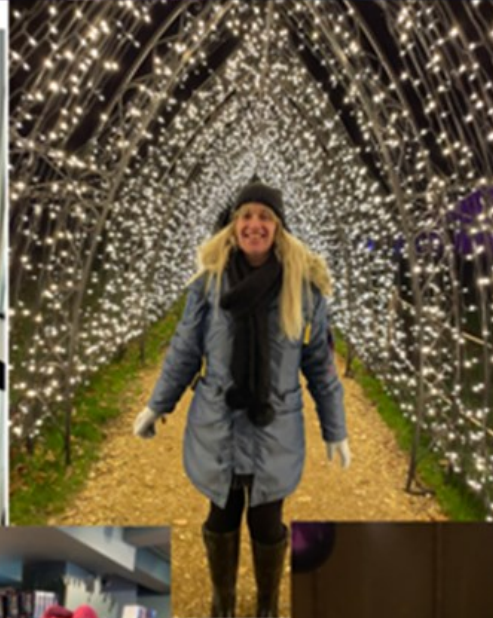




Photo History

DAN#2

Have also included just a few of my favourite snaps of your amazing Tammy over the past few years.







## Photo History

EVIE & JIM



And yes....always laughing together. Can't be bad.

Hugs and kisses

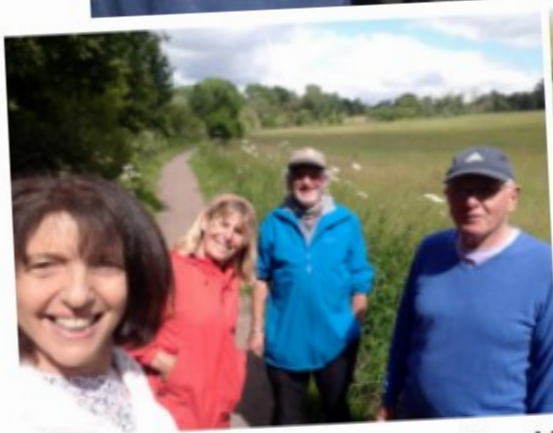
Evie and Jim xx



Evie and Jim walk laugh and talk with us over so many years and it is so hard to remember that Evie and family have been a part of my life ever since I was a small lad

**Happy 80th birthday Ralph**

So many happy memories  
So much fun  
Lots more to come  
Enjoy celebrating  
All our love Evie and Jim xx



Stay well and be happy always





IVOR



## Speedy Gonzales x 2 (Him and Me)



The distant past was when we were both slim  
But now stomachs protrude on both me and on him  
More talk and less action at his morning's swim  
While I am pretending I've been to the gym



We Speedy Gonzales seemed always so fast  
Now, hiking for me is a challenge too vast  
And on Saturday's Park Run, he loves being last.  
Yes, Speedy Gonzales, a thing of the past



But all is not lost, not alone in our plight  
Our walking mates also, for sore eyes, a sight!  
With middle circumference same as our height  
We roll down the pathways in jeans much too tight



At the end of the tunnel, gloomy and murky  
Are the joys of life, he can gorge on things quirky  
While I have my eyes on one more plate of turkey  
Speedy Gonzales? More Pinky and Perky!

Ivor





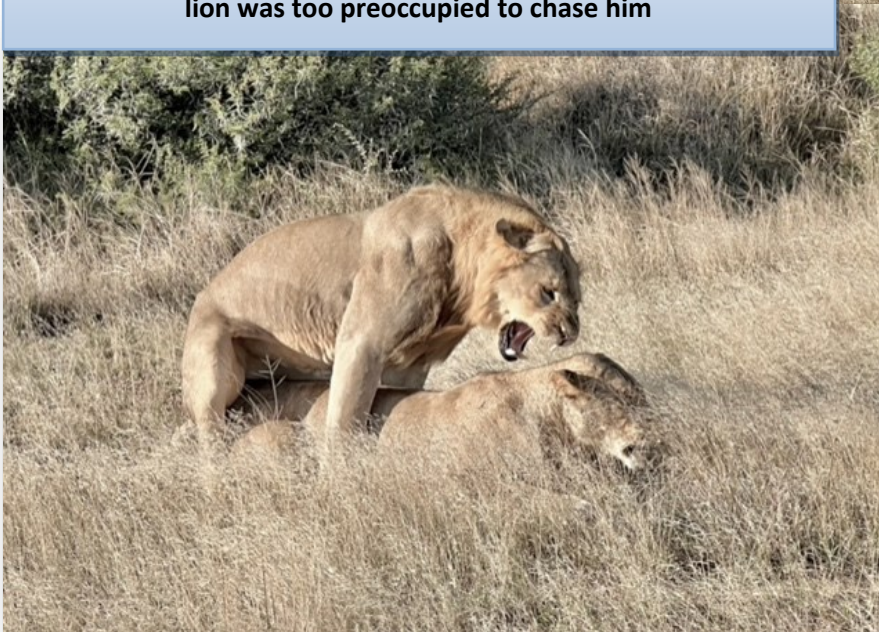


JEFF



Jeff, like me, loves photography and most folk would have run for the hills.

However Jeff took these great photos...probably thinking that the lion was too preoccupied to chase him







Jose and Cristina have persuaded us to join them in the 5k park run every week (well, to be honest I walk and Lynn runs) and they have become very close friends of ours ever since



Dear Ralph and Lynn,

As we approach the special occasion of Ralph's 80th birthday, we wanted to take a moment to express our warmest regards and appreciation for your friendship. Over the past two years, we have cherished the opportunity to get to know both of you. Your love for nature, active and healthy lifestyle, and dedication to social and environmental projects are truly inspiring. The hundreds of trees you have planted and your regular participation in the Parkrun event exemplify your passion for making a positive impact in the community. We have thoroughly enjoyed our time spent together, engaging in meaningful conversations and sharing laughter. Your company has brought us many stories, and we look forward to creating more cherished memories with you both in the years to come. As Ralph's milestone birthday approaches, we would love to celebrate this significant moment with you.

With much love and appreciation,

Jose and Cris

RALPH





Photo History



Jude

## WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, RALPHIE?

This poem has a special feature  
It's Ralphie, yes, a unique creature  
Cos when he's in the mood to "focus"  
There will be no hocus pocus  
Do as he asks, I beseech ya!  
You cannot hide, cos he will reach ya!

Whether it be planting trees  
In mud right up to wobbly knees  
Eccentric, but a good civilian  
Planting his trees, by the trillion  
Even though his whatsits freeze  
When out in minus 6 degrees!

His photo books record each minute  
Every blooming photo in it  
Yes, he's done them all himself  
No room for Lynn's books on the shelf  
Defies his wife who says, "*Ralph bin it!*"  
The Guinness Book of Books...he'll win it!

Ralph loves to cook and entertain  
The kitchen is his sole domain  
If we are four, he'll cook for ten  
And Lynn will host like Mother Hen  
"How many teas?" she'll ask again  
Out comes the food...well it's insane!!

He'll plan a walk, through fields and town  
Map contour lines are all in brown  
He'll organise the time and dates  
But meet up late with walking mates  
How did we end up at *The Crown*?  
Hey Ralph, your map is upside down!

So that's our Ralph, with curly hair  
His books with you he's going to share  
We add this page to Ralphie's life  
And of course, his sassy wife  
Not contribute, would we dare?

Jude, the 'other half' of that well  
-known Ivor & Judy duo. The  
greatest friends and so many  
stories and laughs together, we  
could fill this book. A very valued  
friendship



Sassy





Photo History



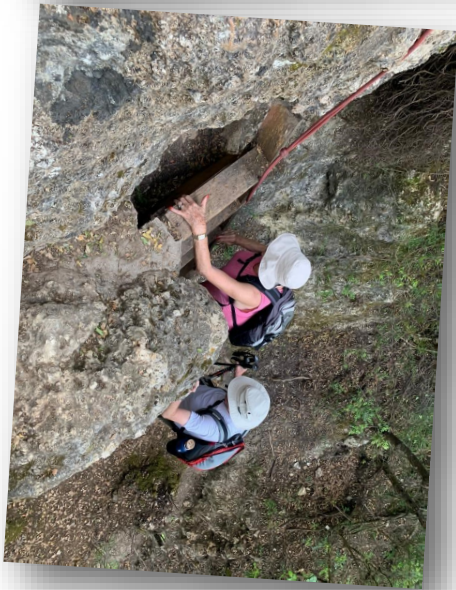
Judy & Gordon, such long-time friends as the ancient photo of a very long ago 'gourmet evening' will prove. Such an active couple...wonderful

## "What to do in your 80<sup>th</sup> year....."

Gordon is almost a month ahead of you in the age race. But never let it be said that age should stop you doing anything.. If you have your health, some strength and most importantly – a zest for life.

So here's a few photos of what we've been up to in Gordon's 80<sup>th</sup> year and we know that you have been having some many equally exciting and satisfying experiences. May you both continue to love life and make the most of every day.

Love Judy & Gordon"



JUDY

GORDON

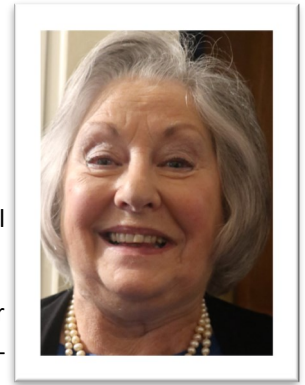




Photo History



MARION



A walk down memory lane....

I met Ralph soon after I was born. Our parents were great friends: in fact, my mother went to school with Ralph's father in Bonn and somehow, they found each other again in London.

I used to dislike it when my parents had friends over, which they did frequently and I had to suffer pinched cheeks, the usual comments about how I had grown and when the grown ups were gossiping and I was not supposed to hear, being sent into the kitchen to do the washing up – I was the original forerunner of the dishwasher.

However, the one exception was the Kley family. Ralph's parents were fun and Ralph made me laugh, first when we were young with his silly jokes and daft stories and later, when we were older, tales such as sticking the 'kosher for pe-sach' labels on in his Dad's shops, then even later, when he was a student, regaling me with horrible stories of what really goes on in restaurant kitchens....don't ask – you would never eat out again.

Yet although we have been friends for 77 years and counting, the occasion I recall best was the coronation in 1953. My parents had acquired a television: a 12 inch screen supplemented by a magnifying glass on a stand which was placed over the screen. This meant, if you sat directly in front of it, you could see, but if you sat at an angle, everything was weirdly distorted – a bit like the hall of mirrors at Madame Tussauds. We were very proud. Television was a luxury that not many could afford and so the neighbours and some of my parents' friends came along to watch the coronation, including Ralph and his parents. It poured with rain and being only 7 and 9 years old meant we didn't really 'get' the significance of the moment. Luckily, it stopped raining during the afternoon and Ralph and I escaped for a while to St. Mary's Park in Regent's Park.

In time, Ralph introduced me to his bride, Lynn, or JOcelyn as she really is (note the enunciation) and I had met my husband, Antony and we four became great friends. We had fun. We went away together once on a weekend in Wales around 1968 (pre children), where I recall Ralph and Antony were both formally dressed in collar and tie, with Ralph cooking on a primus stove for a picnic in a field! We had trouble persuading the Welsh hoteliers that we were indeed married: in those days singles on a dirty weekend, as it was known, didn't do well finding hotel rooms in Wales.....amazing how everything is so much more relaxed these days and I don't think I have seen Ralph in a tie for decades.

Ralph and Lynn worked incredibly hard running their catering business and while their friends were all enjoying Saturday evenings out, Ralph and Lynn were busy. Across the years, Ralph has run several successful businesses, always very labour intensive but I have never heard him – or Lynn - complain. I think anyone working in gastronomy really deserves a good living and certainly, a long and happy retirement, which is just what Ralph and Lynn are enjoying.

Like most of us in retirement, Ralph and Lynn seem to be busier than ever these days. Weekdays begin with a swim or a walk at some ungodly hour in the early morning and then there is tree planting, gardening, the allotment, canal clearance, teaching and mentoring youngsters, lots of travel, photography, the Kley year books and of course family and friends and a host of other activities too numerous to mention and which belie your ages. I very much admire you, Ralph and Lynn, for all the activities in which you are engaged giving something back to society. You do good work and Ralph, in Lynn, you found the perfect partner and it warms my heart to note that you two still giggle together like teenagers.

I love being in your company and I laugh more when I am with you than with any other friends. Congratulations, happy birthday, Ralph, keep making me laugh and may you never run out of energy!

With much love, Marion xxxxx

**..."friends for 77 years"**

**.....wow...totally amazing and that word 'friends' says it all. Such a life full of stories and memories , so valuable**





I feel honoured to be asked to compose some personal thoughts to accompany your exciting albums of photographs. They will contain a permanent record of what you have considered important and relevant at the time and enable us all to look back and in many cases remember the past. As I am 80 about a month before you, that's exactly what I'm doing. Maxine and I have had some serious health problems in the past year. Maxine had diverticulosis, a heart pacemaker, and an ankle broken in three places. I had a serious stroke and have been waiting a year for what my GP classed as a serious hernia operation. All these difficulties we've weathered with stoicism and courage, but they have resulted in making me think about our mortality and fragility. I know you both have had scares, and you overcame them. It does make you think you have to balance these events with the great blessings we have with our children and their partners. Many other nice things we have done. In our almost 60 years of marriage, much has changed, some for better, some not. As I've grown older I have become critical of the way some people have become lazy or sloppy thinkers, and in spite of lots of available examples, evidence, proofs and logical argumentation, will see the "truth" in a completely different way. Quite a lot of political correctness just makes me laugh, if it wasn't so tragic. I am expected to call a Chairman or Chairlady a "Chair" as if I am hiding the position holder's gender or pretending he or she holds no gender. Worse, most people's understanding is that a chair is an inanimate object you sit on!

Ralph, As 80 year olds, you and I should be extremely worried about the state of the Health Service. We are increasingly likely to need to see a doctor and that reassurance is becoming rare, makes us worry even more. We are asked, typically to call the Health Centre around 8am. What you get first is something like "you are 12<sup>th</sup> in the queue. Later you should get higher in the queue, but you are not told how long you will have to wait. Sometimes it can be 15 minutes, others far longer. Sometimes you can wait a long time and when you do get through, there are no further appointments that day, sometimes that week! What must infuriate everyone, including me, is the announcement that "your call is really important to us. What! you at the other end of the NHS line expect us your clients to believe this claptrap. If it was important, why have you done almost nothing for many years, even allowed the situation to get even worse?



So hard to believe...  
this is  
Martin &  
Maxine  
with us 21  
years ago  
on a walk  
in Essex



Photo History

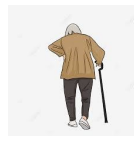


NORMAN



## My friend Ralph

I got to know Ralph on the monthly walks for a group of men of senior age.



There's a full photo collection of these walks, taken by him. Along with albums of other photos and memorabilia.

Occasionally he'll tell you what's growing in a field: Maybe rape? Or just grass, of one form or another?

Apart from walking – nowadays about 5 to 6 miles – he likes a daily swim in his local pool at an hour when most people are still tucked up in bed.

He goes for fitness “runs” in his local park and proudly admits to consistently finishing last. That's well after his amazing wife Lynne,

He and Lynne do worthy volunteering in clearing open land, including weed removal and tree planting.

They take somewhat more adventurous holidays than most of his contemporaries.

On a grander scale he has his pet project in a school in Nepal, sending them books and other resources. His visits to them involve tackling the foothills of Mount Everest.

He looks after his local street keeping the local council on its toes. on tree planting.

He helped in a primary school working with children on numeracy..

And in his spare time he helps people who have been hardly done by in their jobs.

If you need a helping hand, Ralph's there for you.

With all that, he has still has time for his loving family.

Not just glass half full, he's glass over flowing.

As friendly and warm as his jolly face.



..maybe we are not quite as old and crotchety as these images suggest



The Life of Ralph's Friend :-Roy Barrows

Born: JULY 1939

one of 3 sons born to Deaf and Dumb parents

Father: Ernest Barrows

Born: Edmonton 1899

Died: 1969

Mother: May Barrows - nee Weston

Born: Islington 1906

Died: 1979

Both were educated in Deaf &amp; Dumb Special schools

My Father was presented to the Queen and awarded Royal Maudie Money in 1968, for his services to the Deaf and Dumb in north London. (I have this)

My Life

I grew up in Stoke Newington, living in a terraced house with 3 other families. No bathroom and outside toilet

In 1948 we moved to a council 3 bedroom flat with "Free" hot water - real luxury!

My Schools

Infants, Junior &amp; senior were in Stoke Newington.

At 16 I went to Hackney Technical College - 3 nights a week to gain my National Certificate in Engineering.

My Employment

First job as a trainee compositor in a letterpress printer in Clerkenwell Green

Left to join an American Engineering company in Holborn as trainee draughtsman 1958 → 1960

Left to do National Service in Royal Navy.

After leaving navy continued with my studies and worked in different countries

Employment Continued

I went to work on projects in Wales, Scotland and Lincolnshire

Worked in design offices in:

Madrid - 3 1/2 years

Paris - 1 year

Havlem - Holland - 1 year

Stavanger - Norway - 1 year &amp; Bodø - Norway - 7 months

North Sea Platforms for 7 years -

Mobil - American

British Gas - British

Agip - Italian

Maek - Danish

Statol - Norwegian

Sonangel - Angola

Military Service

Stoke Newington Sea Cadets 1951-1960

Royal Navy - 1960-1966 - HMS TYNE Flagship Home Fleet

Sports

Stoke Newington Swimming Club 1952-1966

Belsize Boxing Club - 1954-1958

Water Polo

Triathlon / High Board Diving

Family

Married in 1967 to

Carol Shillito from Totham

My daughter Angela born 1975

She went to university in Derby met and married

local lad - Simon Clark. They have two daughters

Katie 18 years &amp; Rosie 14 years

Community Activities

Social Committee member - Enfield Over 50s Forum

Events organiser

Coach Trips to France, Holland &amp; Germany

U.K. &amp; Museums.

Governor George Spicer School - Enfield 2008 to 2014

Community work for the Deaf Interpreter - BSL

To Conclude

Now at 84 years of age I look back on my life and realise how very fortunate I have been to have been blessed with good friends &amp; interesting challenging jobs.

Soon after my wife died in 2011, I went to a concert at the Royal Festival Hall. Walking back to Leicester Tube station, I collapsed &amp; fell on the pavement, laying there at 11 at night with blood streaming out of my fractured skull. My heart had stopped.

Someone stopped, pumped my heart to life again until an ambulance took me to the heart hospital for surgery - who ever he was he saved my life. I now have a pacemaker fitted. There is always that memory - so I loved to see another day. The greatest healing therapy is 'FRIENDS'

Roy

28-November

**LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL**  
PRINCESS MAY RO

**REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING July**

Name: Barrows Roy

Class: TD

SUBJECT	ASSESSMENT	REMARKS
ENGLISH	Composition Spelling Reading	ke
ARITHMETIC		ke
HISTORY		ke
GEOGRAPHY		ke
SCIENCE		ke
ART		ke
WRITING		ke
HANDWORK		ke
OTHER SUBJECTS		ke
CONDUCT		ke

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE 18/20  
GENERAL REPORT

**LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL**  
STOKE NEWINGTON SECONDARY SCHOOL

**REPORT FOR year ending 25-7-52**

Name: Roy Barrows

Age: 13

Position in class: 3

Average Age: 0

SUBJECT	%	Place	REMARKS
SCRIPTURE	63	3	
ENGLISH	53	10	Good progress, work into should improve
FOREIGN LANGUAGES	70	8	Has made good progress
MATHEMATICS	24	17	More attention required
HISTORY	62	3	Good progress
GEOGRAPHY	54	10	A good report
SCIENCE	34	10	Improvement work but examination must be sufficient
ART	50	4	Work done
CRAFTS			Work done
OTHER SUBJECTS			Work done

Attendance: admirable

General Report: Generally satisfactory - less handwriting work improve his position

Signature: Roy Barrows

Signature: Robert Westall

Master: Robert Westall

Head Master: Robert Westall

Roy is now 84, swims every day and does a lot of charity work and has had a fascinating life. Everyone knows Roy and I hope you will forgive me for giving him two pages..he is pretty unique





## Photo History

ROY..Page#2



ROYAL NAVY  
CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

Barrows, Roy Alexander  
Service Number: 052922

Assessment of Naval Character and Efficiency

Naval Character	Efficiency	Remarks	Date	Signature
Va	Sub	012 (60)	01/10/60	R.A. Barrows
Va	Sub	012 (60)	01/10/60	R.A. Barrows

HACKNEY TECHNICAL COLLEGE  
DALETON LANE, E.8

Report on the Attendance and Progress of  
BARROWS, Roy Alexander  
Class S.3.W.2/2  
SESSION 19 63-64  
Course S.E.C. Mechanical Engineering  
Year 3rd

Subject	Attendance		% Marks					Remarks
	Pos.	Att.	%	C.W.	Lab.	H.W.	Exam.	
Mathematics	75	75	100	80		91	55	
Applied Mechanics	75	60	91		71	91	57	



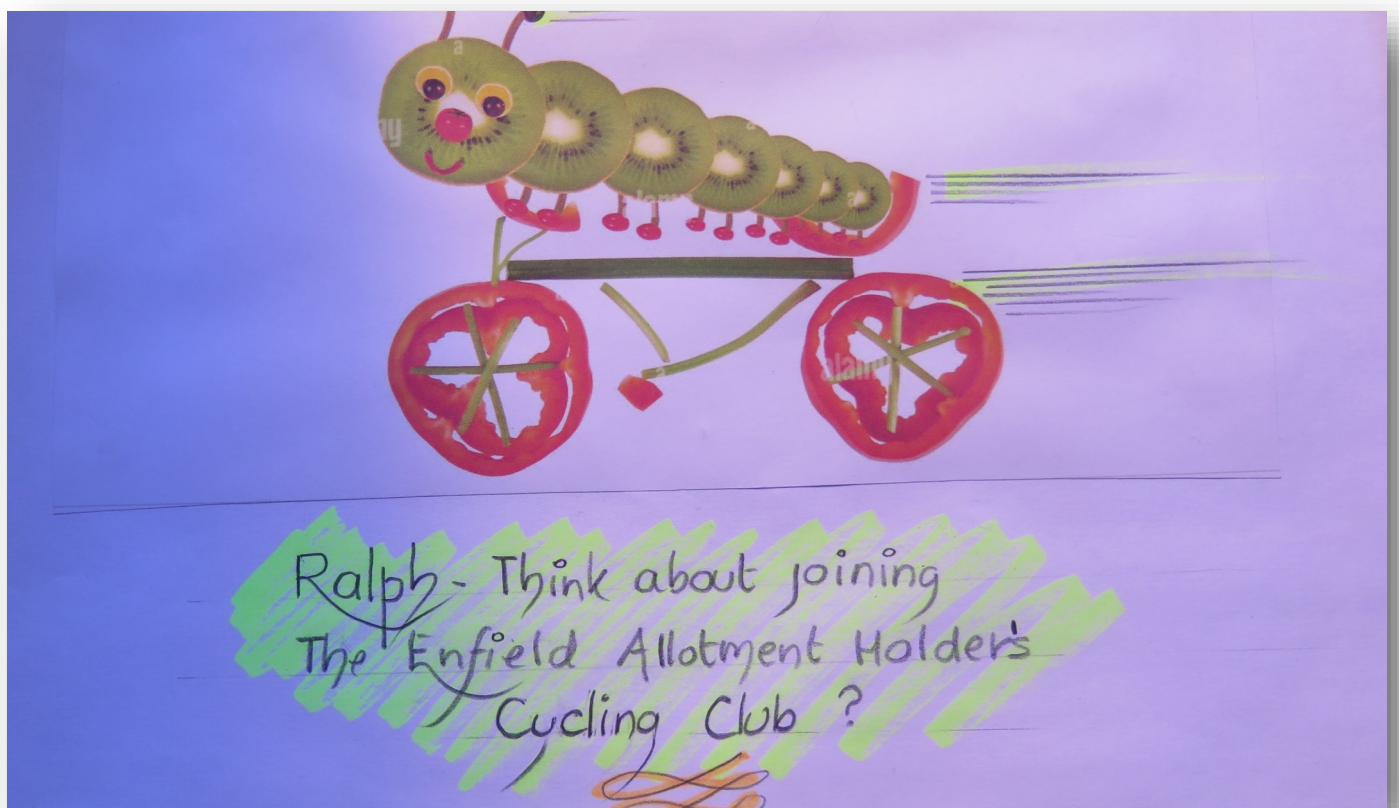
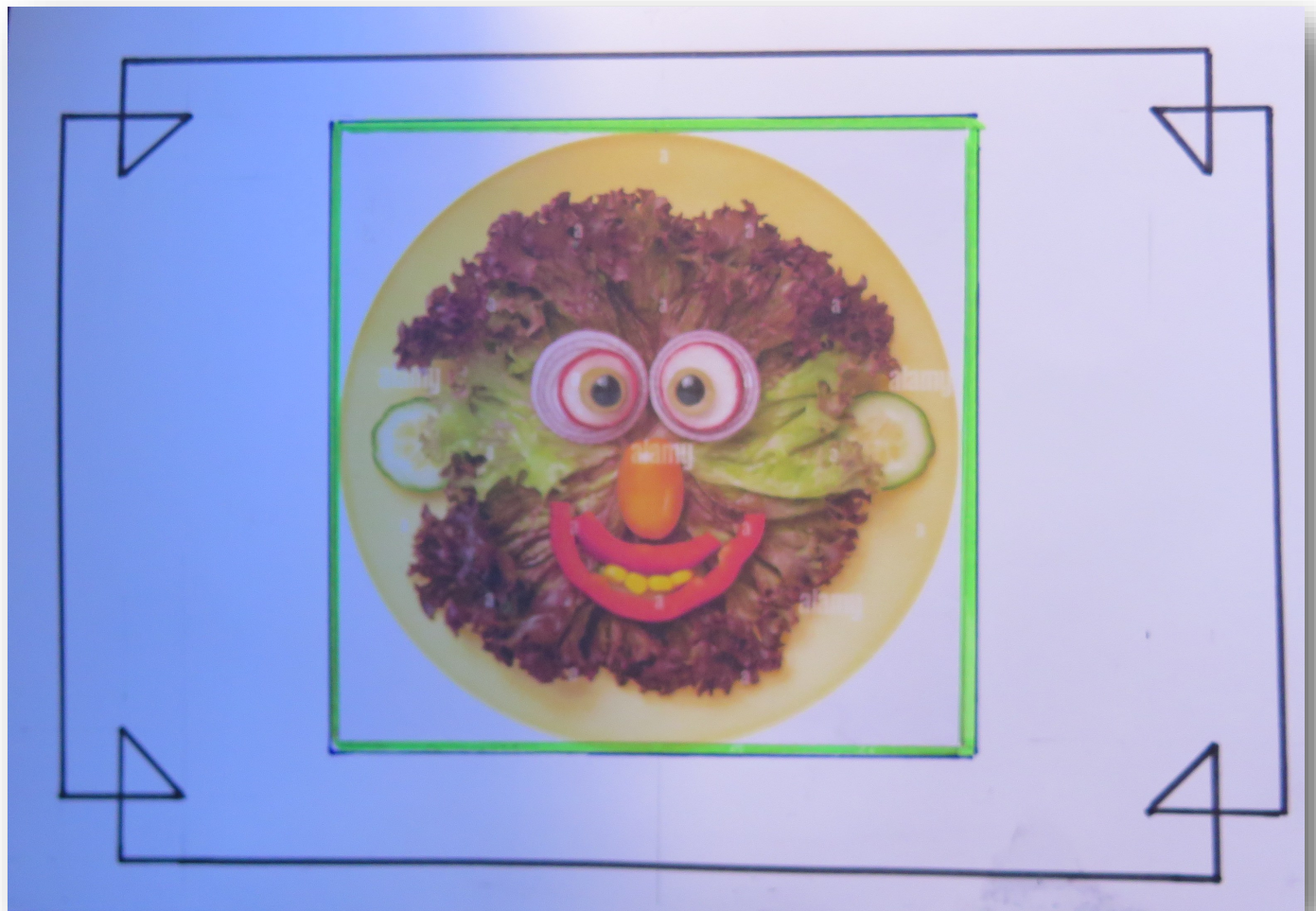
High Board Diving  
1968



My first North Sea Platform  
1975











— Suggest planting for Ralph's allotment —  
in 2024



H orseradish

A sparagus

P arsnip

P otatote

P too many peas (at 80?)

Y ams

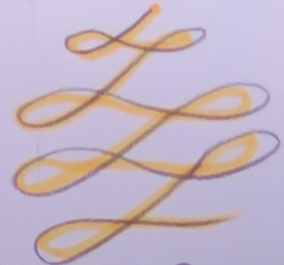
R hubarb

A rtichoke

L eek

P eas

H aricot beans



B roccoli

I niana huawhena

R oddish

T omatote

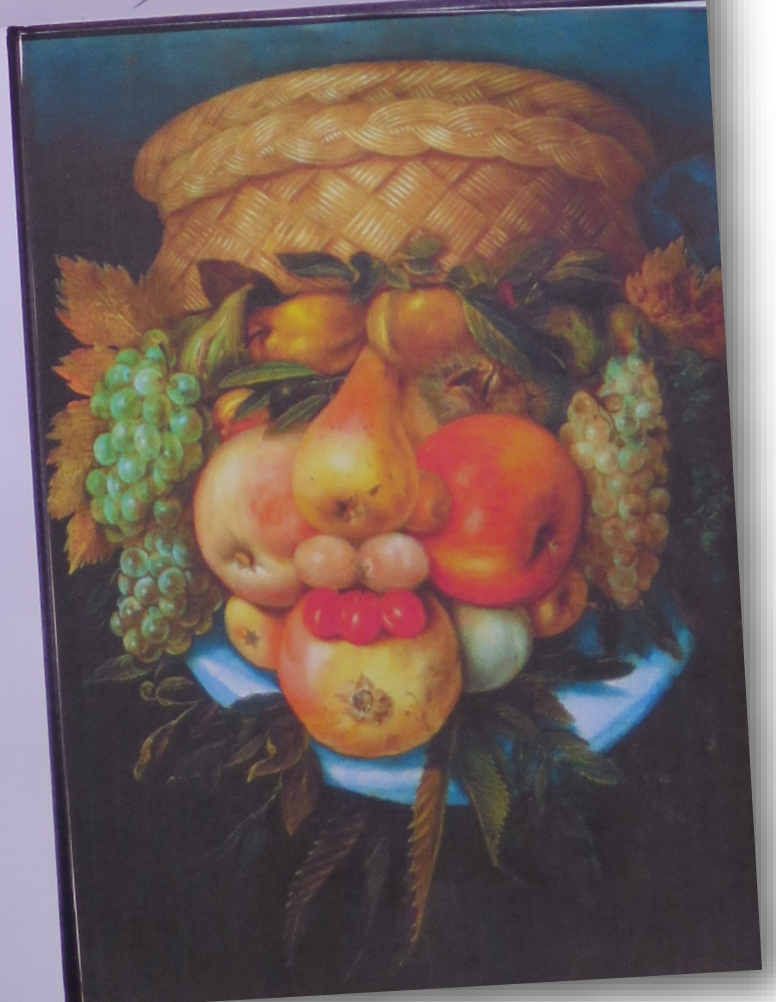
H ijiki

D ill

A rrowroot

Y ellow pepper

Eating too much fruit?



— ROY at 15th January 2024 —

— thanks for a great party —





*A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION*

*I don't know how the years have flown  
And another milestone achieved  
For fourscore years you have grown  
It's difficult to believe*

*As time goes by you do not change  
As cousin and as friend  
I'm not surprised, it is not strange  
As greetings to you I send*

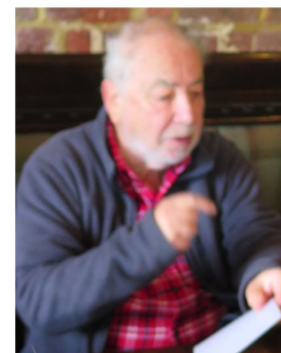
*Eighty years and yet still young  
May you prosper in every way  
With Lynn and family all praises sung  
Turning to blue skies from grey*

*A happy birthday I wish for you  
This January milestone, your special day  
With joys in abundance, good health too  
To celebrate with you in a special way*

*Stuart*

Stuart and I  
share an enjoy-  
ment of the  
unusual and  
ridiculous  
hence the in-  
clusion of these  
three photos





As many readers of this volume will know, Ralph walks regularly – how else could he keep that body in such perfect trim!!! On the last Friday of every month, he walks with a group of old men who, many years ago, were a group of young men. Responsibility for organising these walks rotates across the group and for the most recent one (at the time of writing), 24 November 2023, Ralph and I were the organisers.

So that the walks proceed immaculately, without any hint of error, we always make a recce to define the route and, most importantly, to find a place for lunch of sufficiently culinary quality to satisfy this group of gourmets and also the one or two dogs that generally accompany us. Ralph and I took our wives (one wife each and for me zero 'cos Viv had a bad leg). We walked along the canal to the Thames and intended to book the group lunch at a river side pub. The Prospect of Whitby was our first choice. On arriving there, by executive decision, Ralph and I sent Lyn in to make a reservation for 16. We expected it to be busy approaching Xmas, so she was to remind the pub we were regular customers and to tell them that, to make life simpler, the whole group would be happy to have their five shillings, three course option. Unfortunately the last confirmed booking was not very recent. But we had photographic evidence to support us.



**PROSPECT OF  
WHITBY**

\*It lays claim to being the site of the oldest riverside tavern dating from around 1520



Of course, I don't need to tell you it's the glamorous couple on the left that we are talking about. How incredible that they have hardly changed at all.

But this story does not have an entirely happy ending. The Prospect of Whitby acknowledged that a reservation was made but told us that their policy was to hold reservations for only 60 years and ours expired last year. So the first lesson to all friends reading this is not to assume you can book now and arrive after 2070.

After despairing about finding anywhere that would take a large group so near to Xmas, we did make a booking at the Captain Kid pub nearby. This could not only fit us in but could more or less guarantee that we would be the only ones eating there. This turned out to be pretty well correct. The second lesson from this missive is that there is a reason for everything.

Cyril Davies December 2023





JOAN & STEVE

### Photo History



Since doing my 'Chapter for the Book' I have worked on a Power-Point Presentation for G2G. A second-generation programme to deliver personal family stories to schools as part of Holocaust education

It has been quite stressful and demanding to tell one's family story in 45 minutes. I've been lucky to have family assist and make diary recordings from my mother's personal diary that she wrote aged 16 in 1933. It is nearly ready to be used.

Using that as the framework together with my sister Marion and niece Sula I've put together the story of my grandparents Alex and Elfriede Katz relating their flight from Germany, when sadly they had left it too late to then become refugees fleeing to Belgium and France and ultimately ending up in Auschwitz in September 1942.

I have been lucky to have been helped by a German Historian who researched their ordeal and revealed so much for us.

This summer we travelled together with some of my children and grandchildren to explore the Family history. We were overwhelmed by the warmth, compassion shown by local people especially young teenagers who greeted us with a book of messages. They accompanied us to the family gravestone in the Jewish cemetery which they maintain where we said Kaddish (prayers for the deceased)

It was strange to visit my mother's Catholic School in Neuss and meet the headmaster and teachers and enjoy cheesecake and apple cake in my great grandparents' home.

There was a genuine effort to show respect and 'making good again' by a new generation of Germans on the actions of their forbearers.

Extremely sad is at the time of writing this the War in Gaza continues after the horrendous atrocities of 7<sup>th</sup> October in Israel followed by the growth of Antisemitism here and internationally. My energies together with others are now focusing with British Friends of Israel War Disabled to fundraise for Rehabilitation Centres in Israel for the traumatised and those bearing the scars of the latest war.

The desires and hopes for peace, 'to live and let live' and 'never train for war again' seem further away than ever. Our wishes for generations to come to enjoy a world of harmony and tolerance is a challenge we have to pursue.

Joan Noble

Outside grandparents house

The group of school children their teacher and my whole family

School documents of registration 1931-1933 when she had to leave







BEN R

Photo History



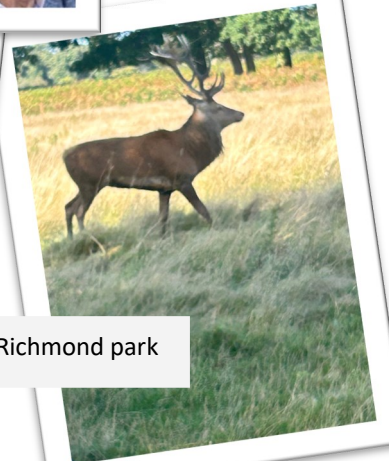
Water lilies Jacks Lake



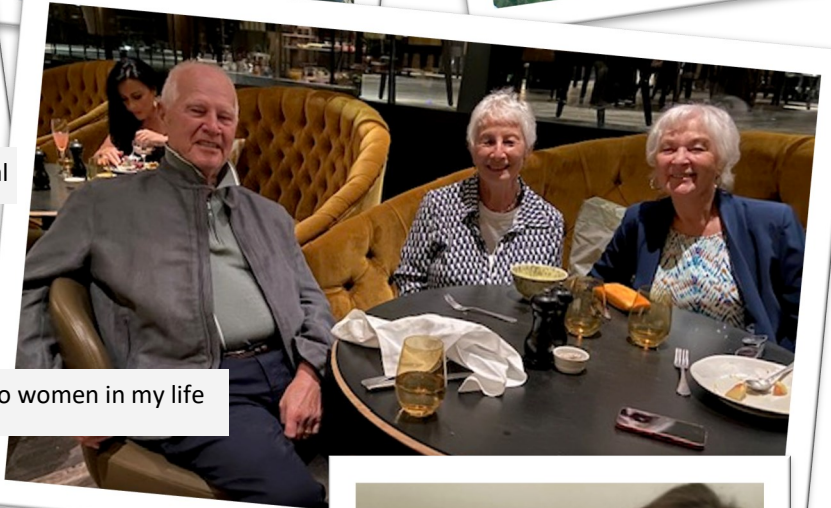
Wife with Red Cardinal



Walk in Richmond park



Daughter and granddaughter



The two women in my life



Twin grandsons



granddaughter with great granddaughter



Yellow brick road

First fruits



With granddaughter





Photo History



Lynn (my lovely missus)



What does one say after nearly 60 years of marriage full of love, bickering, laughter and of course FOOD.



It's getting difficult to remember things nowadays, but of course there are the photo albums, over 220 of them. Without these records so much of our lives disappear into the ether.

Just to turn the pages of these wondrous reminders of family, friendship, travel, is without doubt an absolute thrill. One realises how fascinating the world is and I am so fortunate to have seen so much of it. So here's to the next 150 albums, despite being left talking to oneself because there's something so much more worthwhile than me rabbling on. Despite my justifiable moans, it's definitely worth it.

You'd think I'd be used to it by now..... Naaah!







Photo History



GEOFF & POPPY



Some wonderful golden wedding shots that I took the liberty of add-

Here are a couple of pictures with an extremely potted summary of my whole family.

The pictures are of Poppy and me and our three children. These pictures were taken this year so we are both in our 80s and the kids are 60, 58 and 56.

Since I helped push you around Oxford 80 years ago my family has grown to 7 grandchildren of whom 3 are married, three are in permanent relationships and 1 is still a teenager

We also have two great grandchildren so at the moment there are 22 members of my family. Not a bad harvest from one little acorn born in 1939

Please feel free to use this information or not.

You know my family so anything you want to add is OK with me.

Loads of love

Geoff

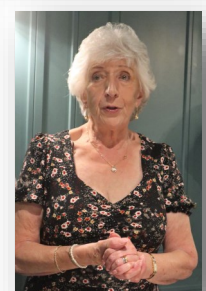


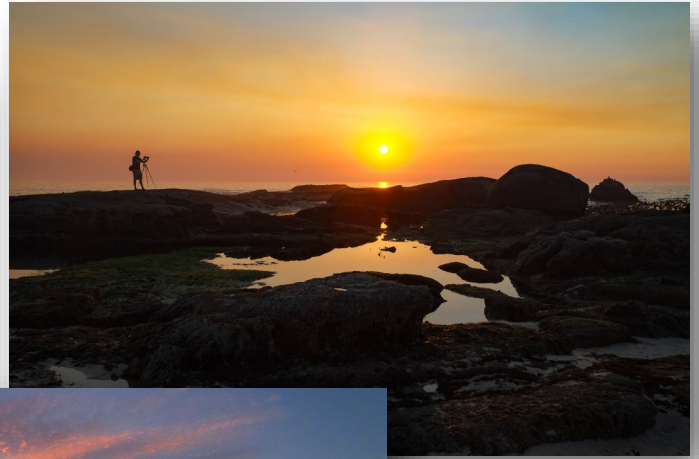




Photo History



NAOMI &  
JULIAN



**Scenes from  
Cape Town at  
sunset - our  
very favourite  
time. Love  
Naomi and  
Julian**







Photo History



## MARGARET & GERALD

"These photos show Margaret's (and my journey) to Poland this autumn to the formerly German town of Breslau, (now Wroclaw) where her paternal grandparents lived before WW2. They were due to be transported to Auschwitz in 1942 but were murdered en route.

Margaret took several years to persuade the local Polish authorities to cooperate in this important personal journey, to allow the installation of stolpersteine outside the place where her grandparents worked and lived and raised their three children including Margaret's father.

We have chosen this theme as your parent's family and Margaret's share similar German backgrounds.

Finally Margaret and I, send you our fondest wishes on reaching your 80th birthday next month



Local people spontaneously placed Margaret's family portraits around the stolpersteine (very moving)



Margaret giving a speech to local dignitaries and townsfolk in English (copies in Polish were also given out)



the stolpersteine set in the pavement



The very beautiful baroque city of Wroclaw





Photo History



TOBBS &  
WENDY



Ralph  
And  
Lynn.  
Party  
Hosts

80

For  
Outstanding  
Unsurpassed.  
Refreshment.

Love  
And  
Congratulations

Southgate.  
Consistently.  
Outperforms.  
Restaurants.  
Elsewhere.

Wendy  
And  
Tobbs

Planting the fruit trees on my allotment..the 'cages' are to follow later



Tobbs and I are allotment neighbours  
and this is my plot adjacent to his  
showcase plot 8 years ago

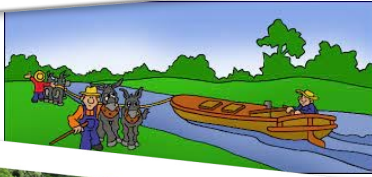




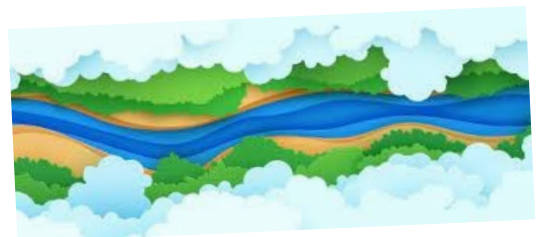
ALAN & MONICA

Photo History

Hi Ralph Here's a 2019 photo that sums up a phase in our lives. You and Lynn joined us on this trip to Stratford-on-Avon I recall Best wishes Aan



GUS







VERA

Photo History



Morning Ralph! I just do apologise but I'm not creative person so sorry I'll send you some pictures of me and Kaloyan because this was the most happier thing happened to me this year ???



PROUD GRANDMA



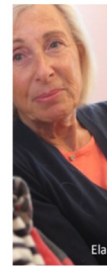




Photo History



## My latest creations December 2023 Elaine Bentley



ELAINE



Well done Elaine, your creations look so wonderful, it puts a 'clutz' like me to shame....I am totally unable to make anything...other than a mess







## Mallory & Eitan

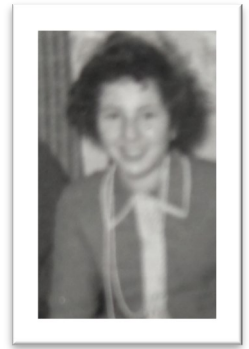


Mallory and Eitan wish you all a beautiful year.

Eitan finished middle school and had a fabulous summer in the States with his Aunt and Uncle. I visited Nogi and Adam and met little Arno. The war started on October 7th and we entered a new reality. We are planning to visit this new branch of the family for the first time this coming January and are excited to meet you all!



We keep in touch via WhatsApp despite the great distance apart



Good morning Ralph

My sisters have told me that they received messages about sending you memories or witticisms. Probably you didn't ask me because a) I have no brain and b) I am not witty.

However, you aren't getting off that lightly.....

A husband and wife are getting ready for bed. The wife is standing in front of the mirror as she undresses and says "Oh love, I look in the mirror and see an old woman. My face is wrinkled, my chest sags to my waist, my rear is sticking out a mile, I've got fat legs and my arms are all flabby". She turns to her husband and says "Tell me something to make me feel more positive about myself". He thinks for a minute and says in a soft voice "Well, there's nothing wrong with your eyesight".

On memories, I have so many... Growing up we spent a lot of time with you and your parents. Both families went to Butlins in Skegness one year and I'm not sure why but I went in your car; probably to give my sisters more room in ours.



With my gigantic store of photos, I found these to show images from the 50's...with apologies, Ralph

Ralph and the 'all growling, all farting Rex

We had so many family picnic days in Epping Forest, they were always great adventures as it seemed such a long way from home. I remember one of your birthdays when you had some friends round for a little party. I have no idea what you did but your dad was furious and sent you upstairs! I felt so sorry for you but you weren't allowed back down. Then we both joined a youth club, I think I was 13 or 14 and you took care of me; you were the big brother I never had! And after my GCEs I went to Tottenham Technical College for a secretarial course and met a lovely girl called Lynn (but I'm sure she was called Josie then). We became good buddies and I introduced her to you, my favourite man..... and the rest really is history!

Hope this isn't too boring or pathetic. On another note, I am now a first year student at University of Hertfordshire studying History and English Literature, alongside some wonderful very young people. I am loving it all, even though there is so much to do, so much to learn. If I manage to complete my studies, I will graduate aged 81!!!

With my love

Margaret xxx



"Go to your room...now!!!"





## Photo History



### ANGELA # 1

Your Books Fill Your Study  
 Your books fill your study  
 Recording our lives,  
 Our children, celebrations and joys,  
 Curating an exhibition  
 Of much that we've done  
 For future generations to see.  
 They'll wonder at our clothes,  
 Hairstyles and food  
 At all the strange places we go,  
 But what will bubble through  
 All the photos of us,  
 Is the love and the joy that they'll see  
 Through hard time and sadness  
 We come together still  
 To show our concern and our love,  
 Forgiving when needed  
 At times when things break  
 And we are less than we intended to be  
 Reaching out time and again  
 To repair and re-join  
 To make sense of our humanity.  
 Understanding breeds strength!  
 And strong is what we are.

### RALPH'S 150 th BOOK 80 th Birthday Edition



**ANGELA & DP (Fluffy) and Beau at  
 Glastonbury in 2004**



**This is one of three wonderful  
 paintings that Angela painted during  
 covid and are her definitive utopias**







### Photo History

ANGELA # 2



A family uniquely quirky.

Not following the crowd

But living our truth

An example of how it can be

When respect, love and food

Are correctly combined

The result is ragtaggally...

And Glamourous

all intertwined

A melting pot marvellously

Stirred by the chefs at

The Bourne and seasoned to taste

For future generations to see.

So may this 150 th book be a celebration for all of your gang,

May we look back at these pictures and say

Thank God for Ralph Kley who gathered them up in such a spectacular way.



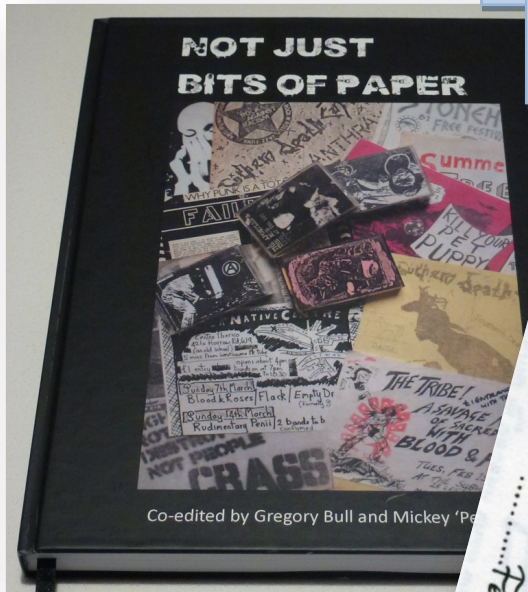




## Photo History

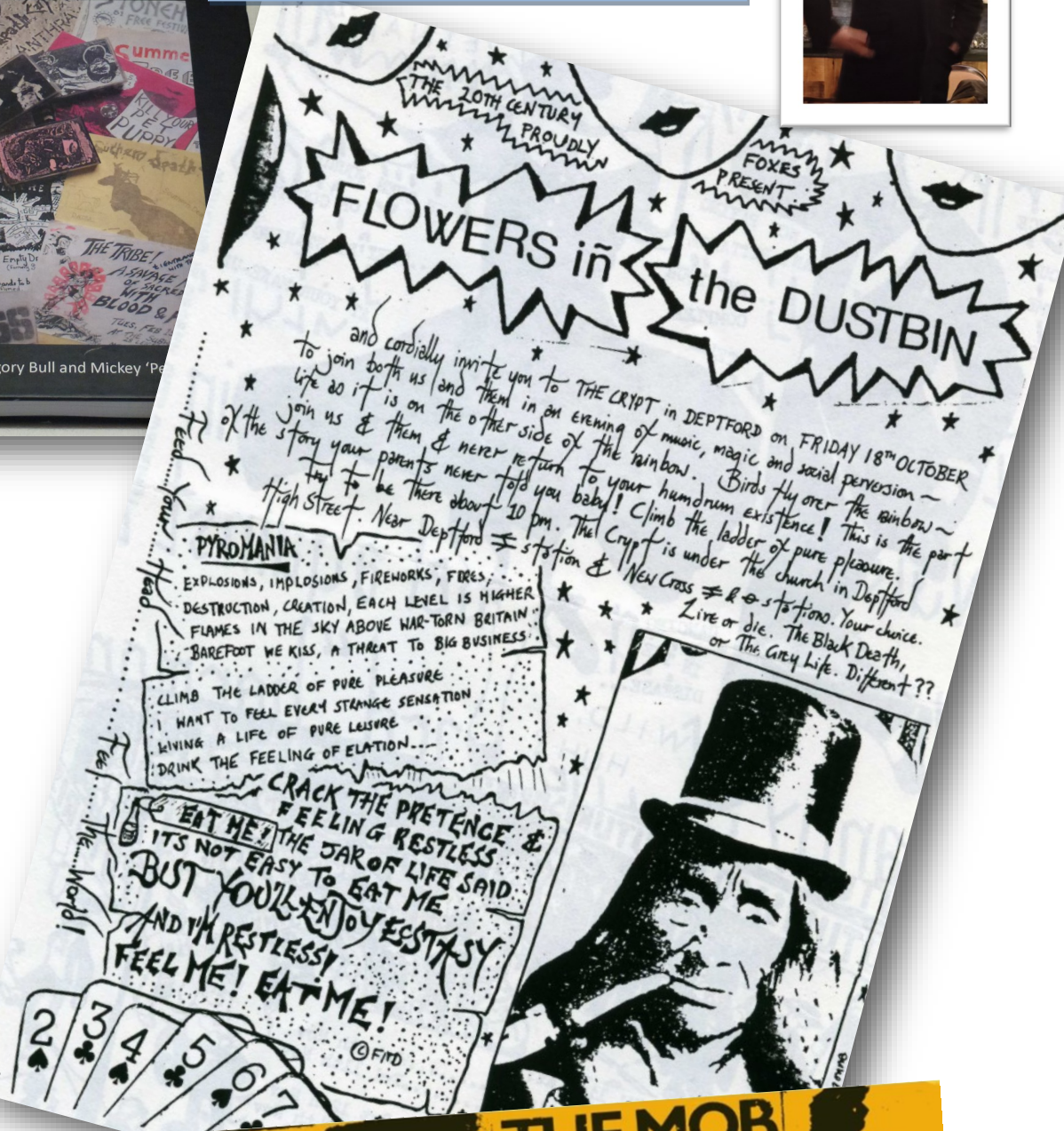
MICKY—fellow volunteer with tree-planting -Page # 1

Mickey was a big part of the early music scene and he gave me his life history. Here are two pages of extracts from his book



This gig was a big deal for us young Beeston punks. Since 1979, with the 'Reality Asylum' 7" single, Crass had become firm parts of our minds, behaviour and practice. They were an enigma. In the pre internet world, their records mystified the usual available band images. The exception to this was the poster one of the weekly music 'inkies' Sounds, clearly made without band permission.

Other images were collages around the borders of their 'Stations Of The Crass' album. Other images were found in the xeroxed pages of various fanzines. The band's art gave me nightmares. I'm not afraid to admit this now. The context of first term Thatcherism, the rise in Cold War tensions and the looming threat of nuclear catastrophe eagerly assisted these dreams... I still hate Thatcher!







## Not Just Bits Of Paper

**Crass: More than rock and roll?**

At school, I was the outcast with a foot initially in two camps. The under-achieving not quite a geek with a penchant for Roxy Music and Rainbow, and the über fashionable new wave kids, who went to gigs at Bath Pavilion every weekend and returned to school on Mondays with tales of skinheads with foot long knives, head butting, crowd surfing and the other results of underage drinking.

Discovering the new music as an attempt to fit in, a bizarre effort at social climbing, I started on Blondie, progressed to The Jam and Joy Division, balked at Theatre Of Hate, Adam and his Ants, and then I suppose that I subconsciously sought out something beyond that, something more extreme.

I had heard about the Sex Pistols T.V interview, somehow imagining it had taken place on the national news programme Nationwide, and then Jon Humphries had lent me the glossy Sex Pistols File book.

I gave it back to him with all the good pictures cut out, thinking myself the new king of punk. He was not pleased. But nothing in the new wave came even close to the outrage of those brief few months in 1976 and 1977 that I had missed: it had quickly been sanitised, repackaged, commoditised, made impotent.

Every Saturday afternoon I went into a record shop the name of which I cannot now recall, at the bottom of Milsom Street, flicking through the album and single covers for something exciting. And there I found Crass, with their stark black and white imagery, death and destruction writ large, the coming nuclear

As we were nearly in the venue we looked up and there were a few members of Crass and Flux etc. looking down on the queue smiling. We'd never really seen clear pictures of Crass but they looked of mixed age, some slightly balding, all smiling. Ticket stamped, I made my way to the bogs, before going into the venue, for a piss; the cider had taken its bladder-toll. On the way into the bogs I spotted Les (later of Concrete Sox) stood by the doorway, dressed in what I remember as a cacophony of black patched up clothes and a ragged blue jumper. He loosely clutched the book version of the 'Christ The Album - A Series Of Shock Slogans And Token Tantrums', most likely procured from one of the many radical information stalls in residence for the show. I'd met Les along with Gabba (later of Chaos U.K) as a young punk BMX'er hanging out with a load of reprobates at the back of the Broadmarsh shopping centre. I remember being really impressed with them for noticing the young punk on what a lot of mates would call a 'noddie bike', fuck them! Back at the gig I didn't have the guts to talk to Les, I've always been a bit of a nervous type and as a fifteen year old this was much worse back then. Walking into the venue I was met with the awesome installation which was a 1980's Crass show. The room held around five hundred people, was circled with





SHANTI

Shanti is a fellow swimmer and good friend ,  
who has hundreds of excuses for not joining  
Lynn and myself in the 5k Park run every week







When I was little, we spent most summers seeing my grandparents. They lived in Morfa Bychan on the Llŷn peninsular in North Wales, a village that's little more than a row of houses dwarfed by a neighbouring caravan park and golf course. Seeing it now, the caravan park has the typical expansive ugliness of the countless caravan parks in Wales, but as a child it was the gateway to Black Rock sands on the other side and had the most exciting shop in the world with sweets and comics unattainable from home. Black Rock sands was a vast beach that you could drive onto, and we would park up, hammer in windbreaks around the car, and hunker down for the day. Although a vague memory for me, possibly only retained because of photos, at some points there were four generations together as my great-nan was still with us.



My grandparents had lived in Wales for as long as I could remember, with Grandad being based at the RAF base in Anglesey. We'd often be on the beach when a jet would thunder overhead, and if it waggled its wings then we knew it was him. Later, when he stopped flying, he would still fly Jindivik drones over us (remote controlled planes for target practice – I had always thought they were called Gingervics, because they're bright orange!).

Grandad had flown in the second world war, although he didn't tell us much about his experiences. He did tell us about the planes he'd flown, and that he'd seen India, but not a lot of detail. He had mainly been concerned with delivering planes to airbases, which had kept him thankfully away from combat, although there was still a story of having a fighter plane coming at him from out of the blue, and another tale of being fighter support for the dambuster raids (he downplayed this, saying that their range was only enough to follow them over the channel). Far more frequently he would tell us about his coin collection (an avid metal detectorist), or fascinating cloud formations (the latter part of his RAF career was in flight traffic control).

They were originally from Sheffield, with great-nan still living there. The memories I have of her are of thick bacon, and bread with dripping (I remember it being of salty deliciousness, yet would probably make me gag now!), and her garden with a corrugated iron Anderson shelter. There was one particular winter's day when the snow settled to my knee's depth (probably not that high at the time), and we stamped it down, cut out blocks and built an igloo! My mum was born there, but grandad's RAF career soon had them moving around the country. Whenever I've visited a new part of the UK, it seems mum has already been there before me. With grandad's final posting in Wales, my mum found herself attending a school where Welsh was commonly spoken (although not taught as compulsory language like it is now), and she still remembers some of the language. In a full circle, she returned to Wales in the mid-2000's to look after my grandparents in their final years and has now settled in Criccieth (which is the village next door to Morfa Bychan) and has rekindled friendships from her school days.

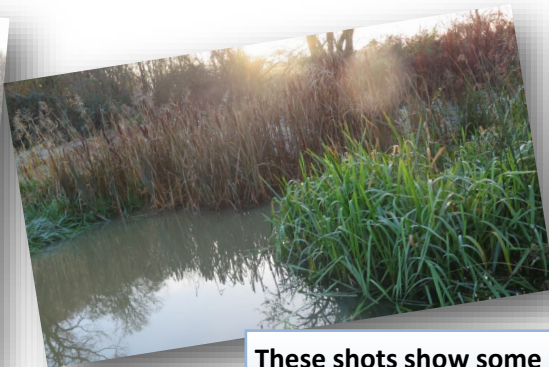
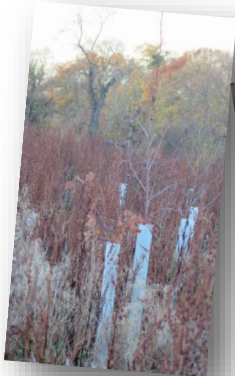




I then got the role as Woodland Creation Officer with a charity called Thames21 and had the task of planting 100,000 trees on the outskirts of Enfield.



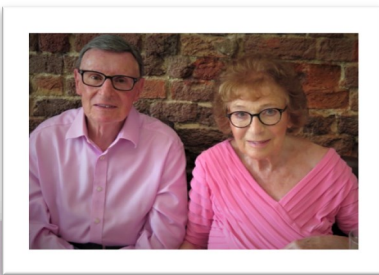
Over two winters I'd lead groups of volunteers across deep muddy fields, and slowly we created a 50Ha area of new woodland which will act as both public parkland, and protect areas to the south east of Enfield from flooding (the trees slow the flow of water into the tributary brooks, and so reduce any sudden surges from heavy rainfall). I'm very proud of my achievement, perhaps more than any of my other careers, and look forward to returning one day to see them fully grown. In the meantime, we've accepted an offer on our house, and are now hunting around Wales and the Welsh border counties like Shropshire to find our smallholding dream. It's a big step, and we've plenty of worries (not least, how to avoid throwing ourselves into unemployed poverty), but it feels great that life is still a journey!



These shots show some of the results of Nik's encouragement and guidance







**To Ralph on his 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday from Peter & Marianne Summerfield**

Dear Ralph, a man of Kley you may be justly named  
An avid gardener and environmentalist widely famed  
But today at 80, you deserve to be proclaimed  
As a man of distinction, but gratefully untamed

Blessed by a wife who shares most of your passion  
You're a man like no other who needs no instigation  
To enjoy the world freely and without inhibition  
Displaying a zest for adventure with unusual inspiration

As proof, your photo albums galore are quite phenomenal  
Illustrating a life of adventure and happenings quite incredible  
Whether a family party, friends or times enjoyable  
The photos formulate a life history, forever indelible

Ralph's work was his pleasure, he loved being a caterer  
His van was seen everywhere, whether sooner or later  
He even catered our wedding tea, which event could be greater?  
And if he liked a girl when young, it was fun just to date her

Ralph was always keen on keeping fit and promoting the environment  
Rising early in the morning, swimming and beautifying the element  
He would plant and preserve trees and flowers forever intent  
On beautifying his neighbourhood, deserving much compliment

We recall the many times we enjoyed each other's home  
And the usual places we would together visit and roam  
The outings to Glyndebourne, Henley and St. Paul's vast Dome  
And the fields and countryside we would occasionally comb

But other UK areas, Ralph felt an urge to explore  
In Outer Hebrides he bought a pad, whatever for?  
It took four days of a weekend to drive there, what a chore  
And then ate up petrol in abundance from door to door

Soon further horizons attracted Ralph's undivided attention  
No less than the Himalayas and far away Nepal his intention  
To trek, climb and befriend a village too isolated to mention  
To promise and provide books and help ease the tension

And, as we celebrate with family and friends Ralph's special day  
We congratulate Ralph, thank the perfect couple and pray  
That they enjoy many more years of happy healthy life and stay  
As young and full of life's enjoyment as they are today.





## Photo History



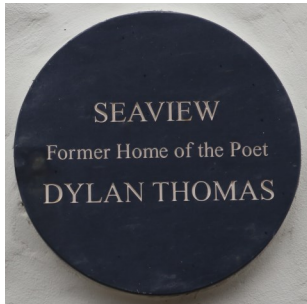
# Sian Evans of Kosheen

SIAN

**Sian is a great friend of DP our son and we stayed in her wonderful b&b in Laughern in Wales which is Dylan Thomas's old house. We have become great friends since then**



Sian Evans is a Welsh singer / songwriter who already started her love for music at an early age. At the end of the 90s she met up with Mark Morrison and Darren Beale and they formed the act Kosheen. In 1999 the first Kosheen track "Yes Men" got released via Breakbeat Culture Records. But the big breakthrough for Kosheen came 1 year later in the year 2000, when they released the track "Hide U". It became a Top 10 hit in lots of different countries and besides a club hit, it was a popular track on radio as well. In the UK "Hide U" became the best Best Single at the Drum & Bass Awards in the year 2001. After the release of "Hide U", Kosheen had several other hits with tracks such as "Catch", "Slip & Slide (Suicide)", "Hungry" and "All In My Head" for example. Besides her work with Kosheen, Sian did lots of collaborations with people such as Roger Shah, Paul Hazendonk, Jody Wisternoff, Chicane and perhaps her most known track is "Louder", for which she worked together with DJ Fresh. In July 2011 "Louder" came out via Ministry Of Sound and it debuted at the number 1 position of the UK Singles Chart, the UK Dance Chart, the UK Indie Chart and also in the Scottish Charts. Kosheen officially disbanded in 2016, but Sian remains the frontwoman, singer and songwriter of Kosheen and they're still active with touring.



"OK, so I don't photograph well!"

**Sian with Lynn and the dogs have disappeared into the distance**



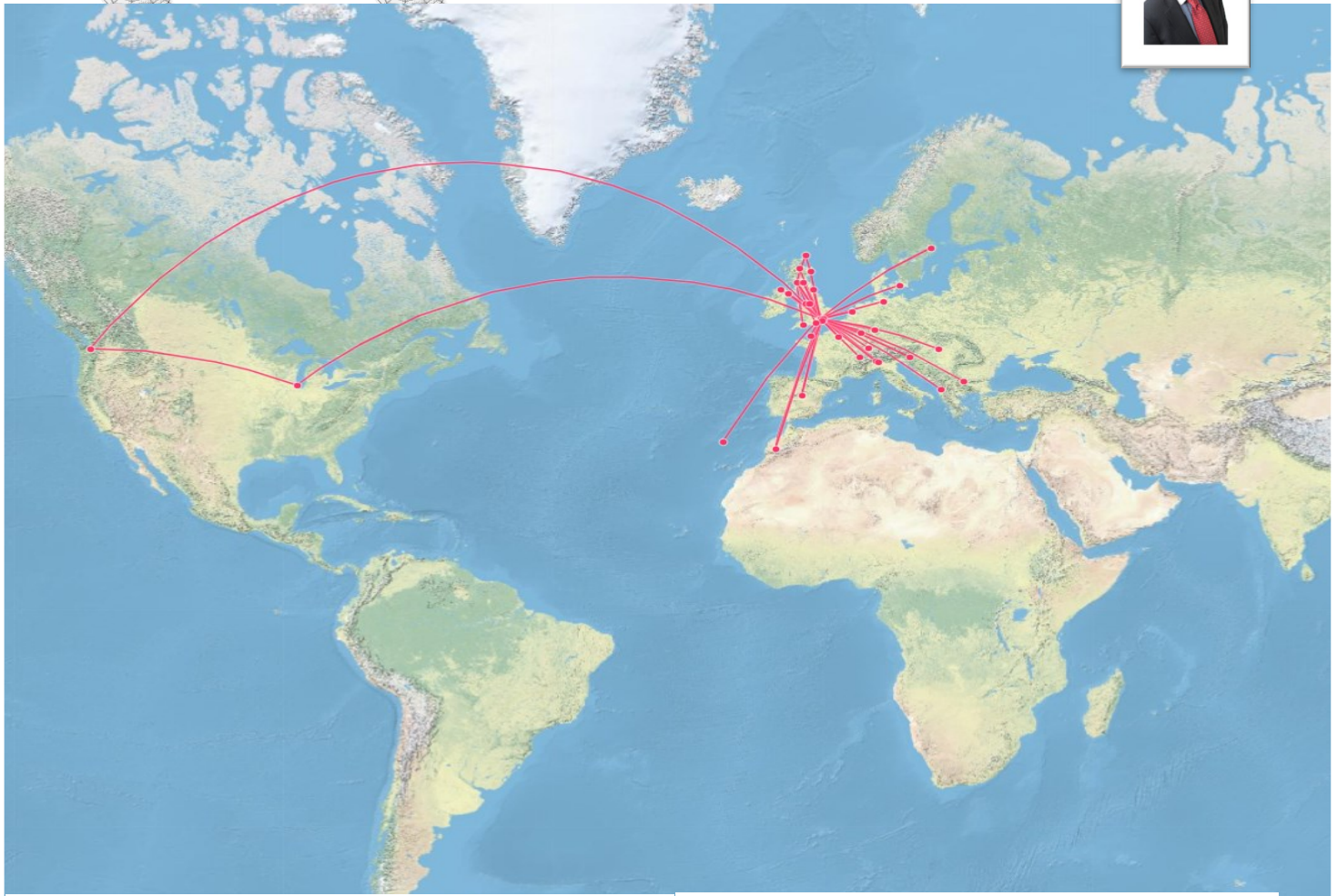
TOULOUSE







MIKE at SCOTT'S TRAVEL



**136 flights**

61 international  
75 domestic

**85,829 miles**

3.45x around Earth  
0.36x to the Moon

CABIN



2 first  
125 business  
7 economy

SEAT



98 window  
9 aisle

**LONGEST FLIGHT**

Route: **SEA → LHR**  
Distance: **4,786 miles**  
Duration: **9h20**

**SHORTEST FLIGHT**

Route: **ABZ → KOI**  
Distance: **124 miles**  
Duration: **0h55**

**65 routes**   **36 airports**

**14 aircraft types**   **18 countries**

**We must point out that these flights are Mike's...not ours**

From the Kleys' travel agent – Mike and his travels in 2022 and 2023

Congrats on so many photo albums Ralph and Lynn and for almost single-handedly keeping us in business!!

I need to do most of my own travelling just so that I can get ideas of places to pass on to you both 😊

In truth though, I think that you teach me more about places than I teach you!!

All the best to you both, and see you next year 😊

**Mike**

Lynn and I have travelled to so many distant places that we would never have seen with the smiling help of Mike





## Photo History

Lynn and I help supporting Sikles school in Nepal. I trekked there originally in 1988 and in 2019 Lynn and I trekked there again taking money and books kindly donated by our great friends . It took 10 days for the trek and we had a lot of adventures . We were so well received by the school



Lynn and Gesuba  
—a sad farewell



As it was on my first visit in 1988

The new school under  
construction in 2019

Hello namaste dears,

Hope you all are well. Me also here good. And first of all a very very Meri Christmas and New Year. We also miss you both and all our supporters. Now our school is running well. We returned back the normal life. But there is bad news to increase the number of people suffering by Covid in China. These exam is running. We are quite busy for the school exam. And

With regards

very nice to get your email. Thank

Gesuba Gurung

so much.



The wonderful greeting  
in the classroom

Hello namaste,



*Pic by: Ralph & Lynn*







Lynn and I were feted on arrival at the school with the whole school and village greeting us with garlands and a wonderful ceremony with dancing and speeches



GESUBA at SIKLES SCHOOL IN NEPAL



We were presented with this certificate acknowledging the generous donation and



The money donated helped in buying a sound system and more up-to date computers too



We had couriered many books in advance for their small library and it was so wonderful seeing them on the shelves





Photo History



Lovely Jo now lives with her married daughter in Cyprus . She worked as my right hand for so many years and were became firm friends (and still are)

JO



# Master Chef

RALPH



**MASTER CHEF  
OF OUR  
HEARTS**

**GREAT CHEF, FUN  
TO WORK WITH!**

**DELICIOUS  
FRUIT  
SILLY!**

**MIND  
YOUR HEAD  
JO!!!!**

**OUCH!!!!!!**

**A HARD WORKING  
ROLE MODEL  
TO ALL!**



**A GOOD FRIEND**





# Photo History

BEAU with Mum-(Angela) Sister- (Peachy) Daughter-(Ottlie-Rae)  
Dad-(Darren-Paul) Girl Friend (Mena )







**DAN..Good friend and fellow walker from  
The Gentleman's Walking Club**



I see it was on Vancouver Island back in 2016 which I s ages ago of course. I. Thought it would remind people who I am

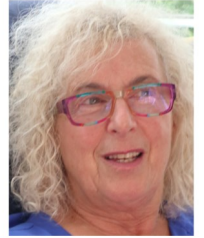
This is our 2-year-old grand-daughter Chloe driving our motor-boat on the River Blyth in Suffolk in 2022 with various family -members



This is me in September enjoying a pastis in Juan-les-Pins where I hadn't been since 1956:







There's this guy named Ralph who plants trees  
Which indeed we all think a great wheeze



But he slipped on the grass  
And fell flat on his arse



And was covered in mud to his knees



His wife, lovely Lynn, got into a spin  
When she saw the mess Ralph was in  
She said "dirty or not, you're in quite a spot  
Time's up, let the party begin"

So Ralph, you're near 80  
And you are, my dear matey  
The best friend I could ever possess  
Stay well and be happy; much-loved cheery chappy  
Live life to the full ..... never less'



'Happy, happy birthday, dearest Ralph. Wishing you everything you  
wish for yourself on your special day, and every day'.

All my love, and hope you like the poem xxx Sue

Sue Epstein

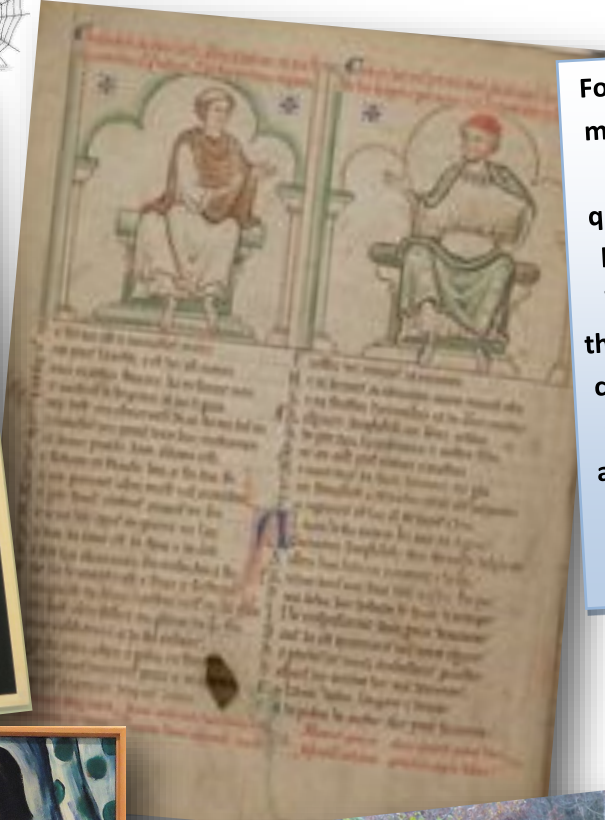
**GET THE  
PARTY  
STARTED!**







# Photo History



Forgive me for inserting a page of my own. As my friends often say, "Lynn and Ralph are pretty quirky" ..Maybe it's a euphemism but we take it as a compliment, intended or not. Our love of art therefore is 'different'. I love rusty cars, illuminated old manuscripts, street art , shapes and buildings, and so much more ...bet you have never seen these together  
.....enough said...



Hard to believe, but this was just as they commenced foundation s for The Shard in March 2009



Heinrich Kley (no connection)





**Story Working Title:** Dream Tek

**Mad Scribbler:** Paul Harley

**Chapter:** One – Working title – The Dream

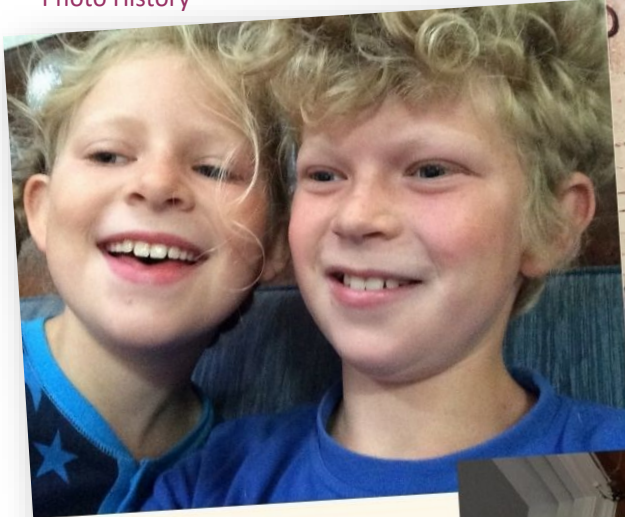
As the northern rain began to fall heavily on the jagged ground and the tempestuous sky grew ever darker, Ralph pulled up his collar, closing it tightly around his neck and walked slowly and quietly away. The black silhouette of the ancient castle ruins now lay far behind him, only the distant and indistinct sight and sound of approaching lights and sirens remained to pierce the all-encompassing gloom. A wry smile formed across his haggard face, 'Late as usual' he thought, and despite the aches and pains now engulfing his mind and body, Ralph was happy - happy in the knowledge that another successful case was over and miraculously, despite his best efforts to the contrary, he was still in one piece. He was at least solvent, had money in the bank and his creditors, who had been chasing mercilessly for weeks will finally get their blood money. Hell, he might even get to spend a small amount upon himself. Wonders will never cease to amaze.

Ralph was no longer young, and he knew it. The unstoppable march of time, the inevitable wear and tear had started to take its toll and for a while now he had begun to feel his age. The tell-tale signs of scars and lines now forming an intricate map across his entire body presented a clear epitaph of past encounters, only now partially masked by the visible signs of congealed dirt and dried blood now covering his face and hands. As he moved towards his end goal, he was acutely aware that it had become far more difficult to walk, each step becoming an increasing personal struggle to deliver, taking his entire remaining strength to overcome. His mind sought answers and sleep was its quick and definitive response. He reached the vehicle just in time and as he slid heavily into the front seat, he was just able to call out the required destination. Sleep took hold, quickly extinguishing the pain and memory of what went before, covering him like a warm blanket. The vehicle roared into life, rose to meet the clouds and in an instant was gone.

A story to be continued...







**top right**  
DP, Mary, Angela with  
Peach inside, a little  
Beau and Papau the  
dog

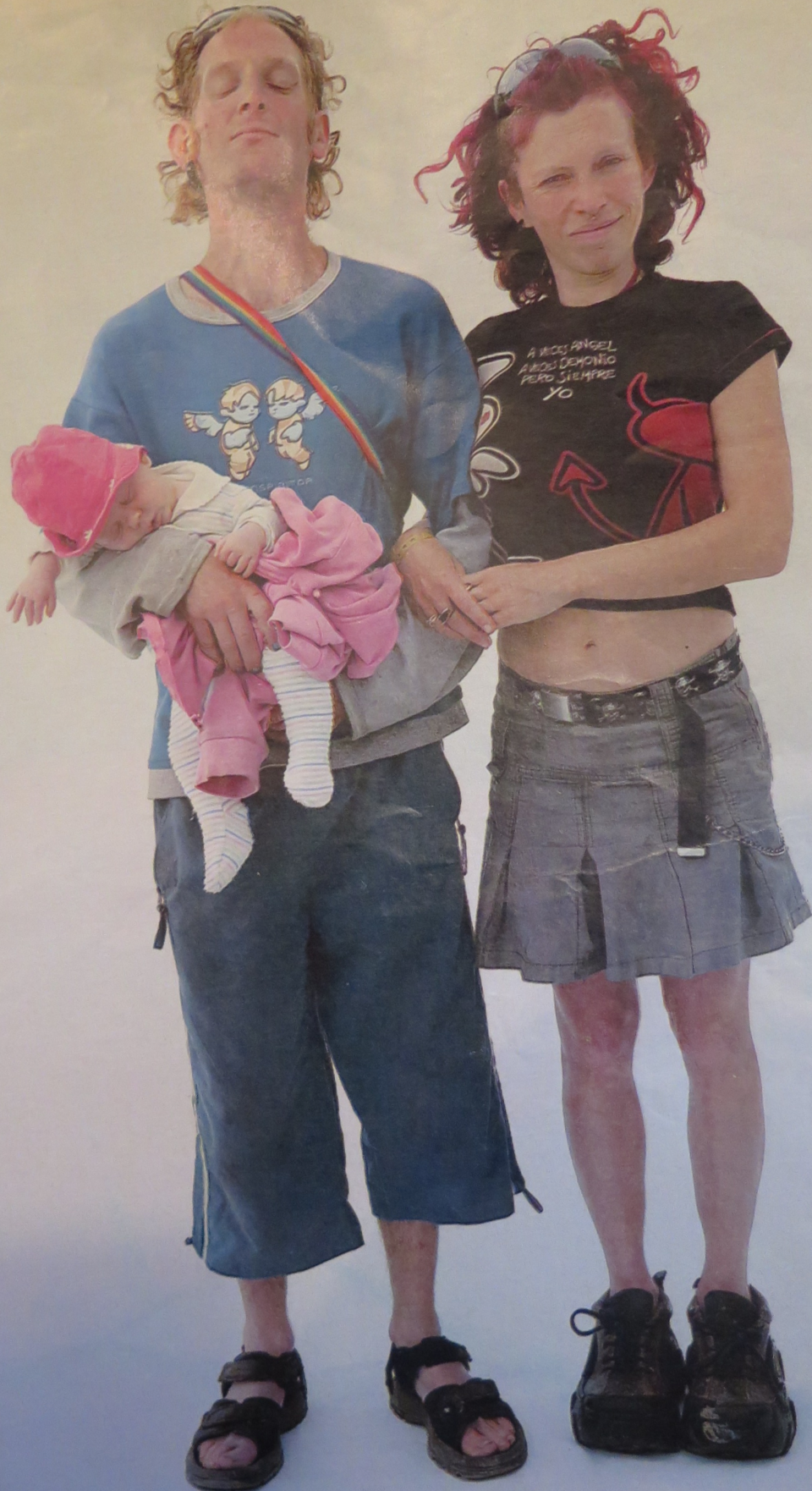
**Bottom right**  
Mandy , Otterlie  
, Candy and Beau





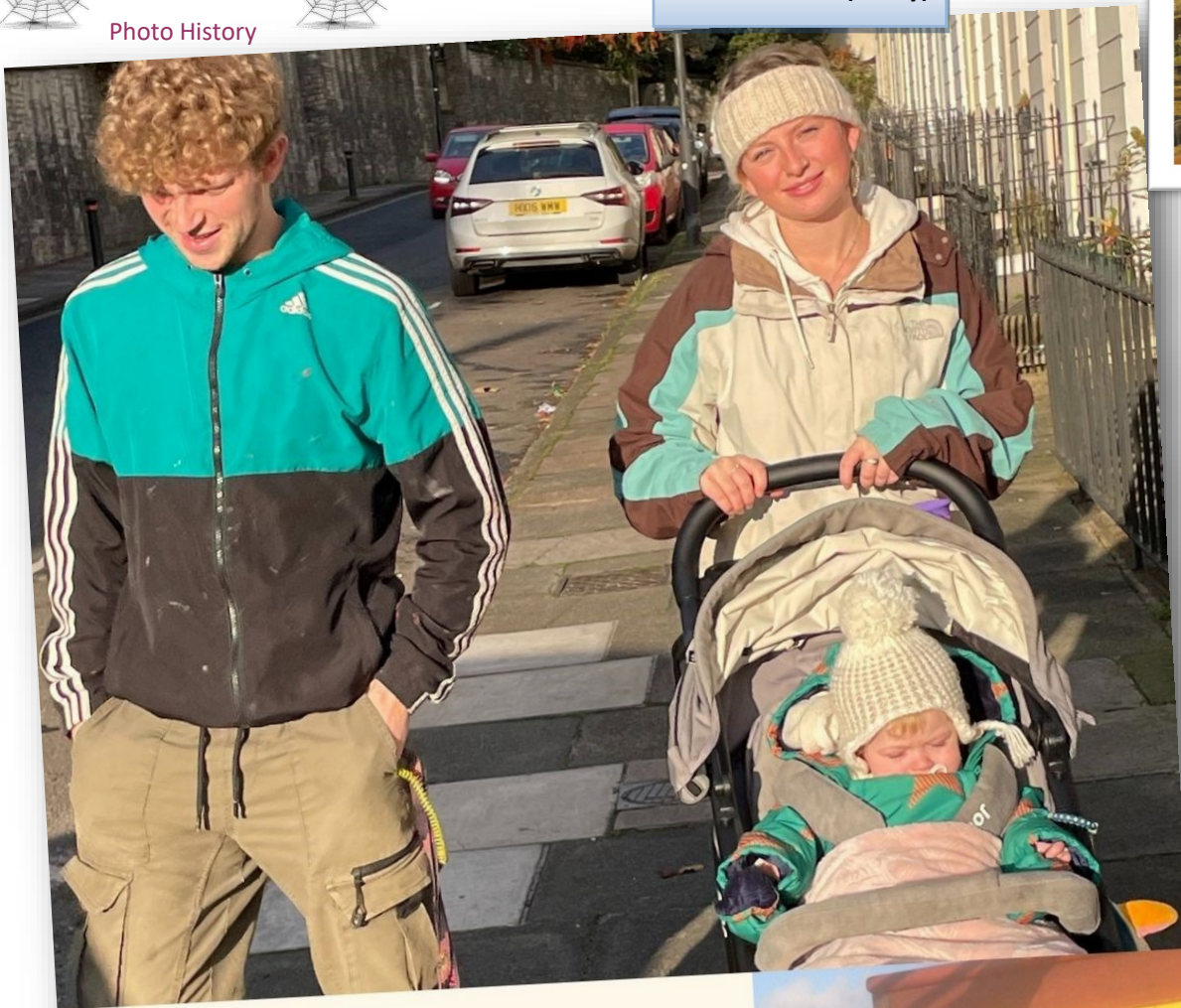


Sorry, but we just had to add this iconic picture taken at Glastonbury in 2004. It was featured in The Sunday Times colour supplement and shows Angela and DP (aka 'Fluffy') with sleeping Beau



▲ FLUFFY DOWN, ANGELA & BABY, 2004





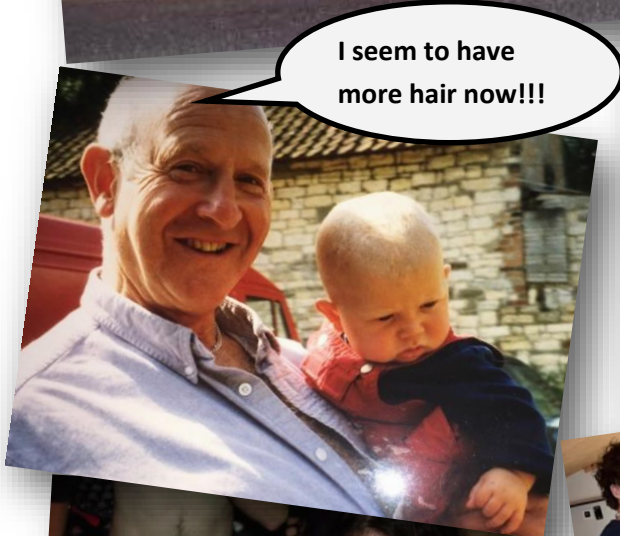
family - nothing more  
magic  
Family- is what life is  
all about  
family is love







**PEACHY—one of our lovely granddaughters**



**Our lovely Peachy in so many different roles**







PEACHY—one of our lovely granddaughters







MEMORIES,  
*My grandad*  
BY LARNIE 2024

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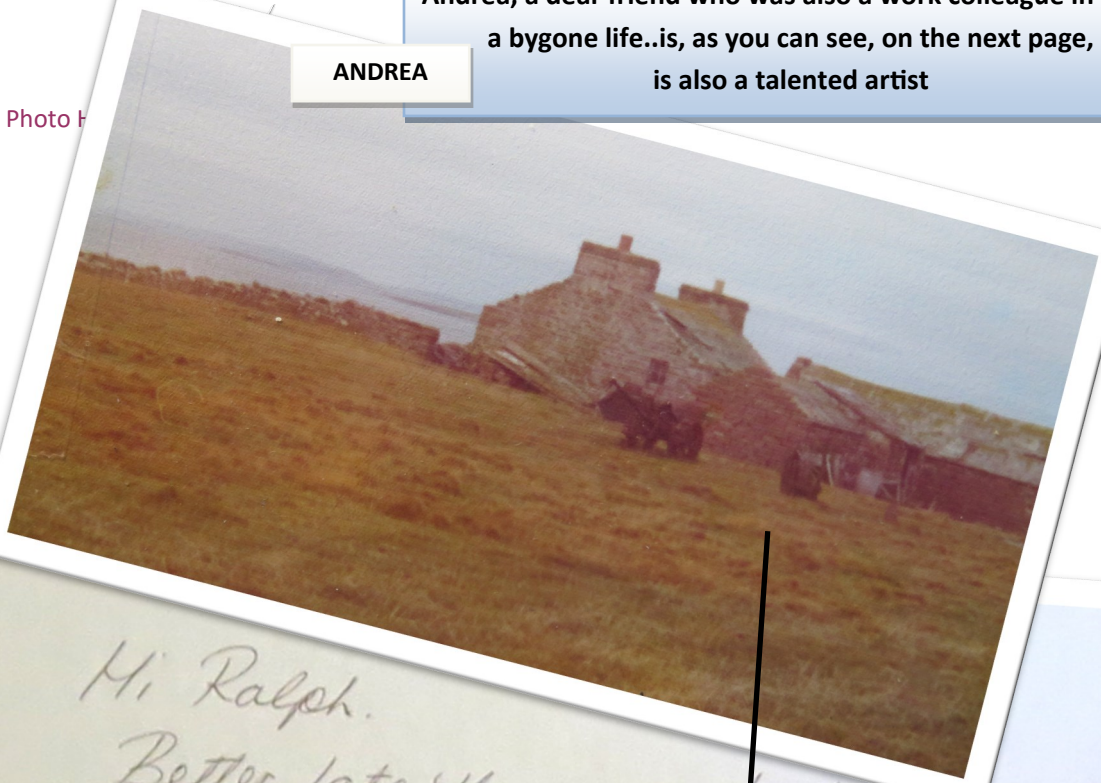




Photo by

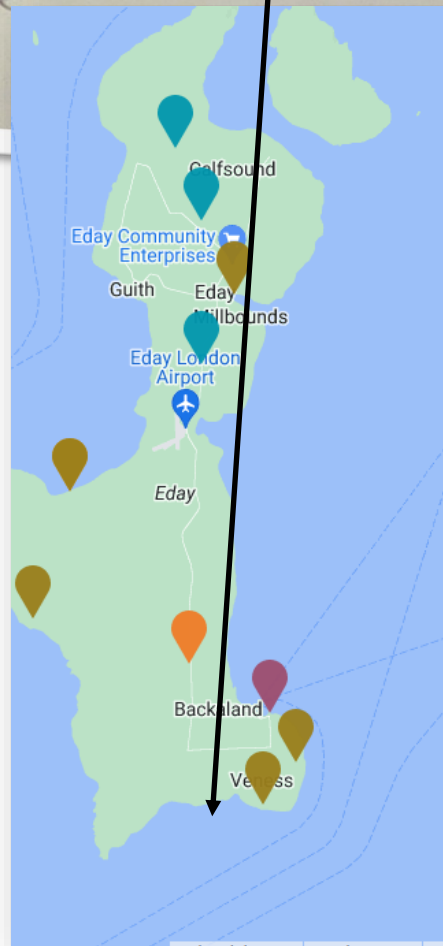
ANDREA

Andrea, a dear friend who was also a work colleague in a bygone life...is, as you can see, on the next page, is also a talented artist



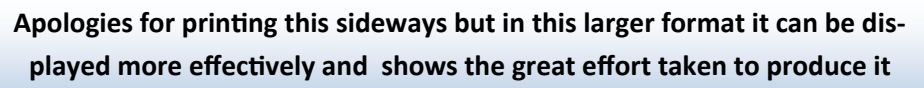
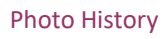
Hi Ralph.  
Better late than never! I wanted to illustrate the 'Eday' venture because your telling of it is one of the funniest things I've ever heard. Hope I captured the 'gist' of it  
love from  
Andrea X

Maybe an explanation here would be useful. In the 70's Lynn and I saw an advert in the Sunday Times for a croft in the Orkneys (sight unseen initially). To get there required a plane from Heathrow to Aberdeen, then a smaller plane to Stromness and then an even smaller, 6 seater Islander to the island. Our 'decrofted' small stone croft had several acres of land overlooking our own beach and peat-digging rights on the local hill plus the right to gather driftwood down to low water mark. The folks were really friendly but couldn't get used to me on a bike with a map (totally unnecessary) . Everyone thought we were totally barmy and in hindsight we must agree with them but we were young and enjoyed our long, long excursions up there.



Eday is almost an 'Orkney in miniature', It is eight miles long offering sweeping sandy beaches, spectacular cliffs, ancient history, wonderful wildlife attractions and the gentle pace of island life. Heather-clad moorland covers much of the centre of the island and its rolling hills offer beautiful panoramic views over the surrounding islands of Westray, Sanday & Stronsay









Well, as you hopefully will agree, this volume is anything but predictable.

It reflects the fantastic friends we have made over many years...the fact that they too see life from a different perspective and we wouldn't be the people we are without their wonderful friendship, encouragement and just 'being around'

We would like to thank you all so much for your contributions and just for being you.

Big smiles from  
Ralph & Lynn

February 2024